S 76 Ballis.

THE CHILD'S PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

VOL. 14. SEPTEMBER, 1865. NO. 9.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY IN NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, CINCINNATI, AND NEW ORLEANS.

For The Child's Paper.

KIND mother Earth is spreading her harvest tables for us. How generous she is. Think of the grain and the corn and the golden pumpkins and the potatoes and the apples—pippins, greenings, Baldwins, and Lady Marys—and the great family of pears, and all the blackberries and grapes she has got ready for us. The men and boys are busy enough gathering them into barns and storehouses.

Farmer Grey is harvesting his wheat. Wheat, you know, does not grow in rows and hills like corn. It is sown broadcast, and springs up like grass. The tall ripe wheat waving in the summer wind is a beautiful sight. It is cut down with a *cradle*, an instrument something like a scythe, or with a sickle. There is a sickle on the ground. Then it is bound in bundles. These bundles are called sheaves. They are carried to the barn, where it is threshed and winnowed. Winnowing is blowing the chaff from the grain. Chaff, good for nothing, is given to the winds. The grain is put into bags and sent to the mill. The miller runs it into his hopper, and out it comes flour, fine, white, nice, delicate, which mother bakes into bread for the children's supper.

On the great grain fields of the West, and in many other places, the farmers reap and thresh and winnow their harvest with machines drawn by horses.

Did you ever think how many people the good old earth feeds and clothes all over the world, year after year, and year after year, never getting tired, or worn out, or stingy? But God did not leave every thing to her. He gave us something to do. He promises seed-time and harvest shall not fail, but he expects man to put the seed into the ground. He told Adam, when he was leaving the garden of Eden, that he must till the ground—plough and hoe and plant and weed, and watch for the harvest.

God did not want a world of idlers. The Bible says, "He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread."

"HUNGER THE BEST SAUCE."

"This soup tastes so, I don't like it; I can't eat it," cried Betty Brown in a peevish tone, laying down her spoon.

"Oh, well," said her mother, "leave it; you shall have some better for supper." After dinner Mrs. Brown went out into the field to help her husband rake hay, and to dig potatoes for dinner the next day. Betty went too; and Betty got so tired, so very, very tired, that what did her kind mother do but wheel her little girl home in the wheelbarrow. After they came home Betty wanted her supper, and Mrs. Brown gave her a bowl of soup.

As soon as she tasted it, "What good soup is this!" cried Betty. "It is nice. It is a great deal better than what you gave me for dinner;" and she ate it all with a great relish.

"It is the same soup which you had for dinner," said Mrs. Brown, "and you now think it good because you are really hungry. Hunger, you see, is the best sauce, Betty."

When little children find fault with their food, let them try this sauce, and they will find it very good indeed.

For The Child's Paper.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S WORDS TO THE CHILDREN.

The Sunday-school children of Washington one day paid a visit to President Johnson. He was very much pleased. He called them his little sons and daughters, and made a speech to them. I will tell you one thing he said.

"My little sons and daughters, you should know and feel that your parents and teachers cannot themselves educate you. No one will ever be educated unless he educates himself. Whether you have superior advantages or not, you must educate yourselves. Your parents, your teachers, and your advantages, be they ever so great, are simply the means placed in *your own hands* by which you must shape and mould your own course in life."

We would give wings to this solemn thought; and may our young readers think seriously upon it. The President could hardly say a more weighty thing to the young people of this great land. It is meant to impress upon you *personal responsibility*. It is the "*I*" within you that after all must choose the right or wrong, evil or good. Your parents and friends, love you dearly as they may, cannot *make* you faithful, upright, industrious, obedient, and God-fearing. It must be *your own* choice, *your own* purpose, *your own* will and heart, with God's blessing, that does all this. It is for you to *use* your privileges and be a noble man or woman, worthy of Him who made you; or neglect them, and be a good-for-nothing and a cast-away.

THE THREE PRESIDENTS.

Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirit as a drink is not only needless, but hurtful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue, and the happiness of the community; we hereby express our conviction, that should the citizens of the United States, and especially the YOUNG MEN, discountenance entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of our country and the world.

Signed, JAMES MADISON,
JOHN Q. ADAMS,
ANDREW JACKSON.

OCTOBER, 1834.

WHATEVER YOU LIKE.

Robert Brown was the son of a poor man, who could only send him to school a few months in the year. Robert often said, "It is no use for me to try to be anybody; I have no advantages. I shall always be poor and ignorant."

Now Robert was mistaken. He had some very great advantages. He had a well-shaped, handsome head, and a fine full chest and strong limbs. He was a bright, healthy boy, and I think he had a fair chance to become whatever he liked. He used to beg his father to give him a piece of land for his own, where he could raise vegetables for market. His father was too poor to give him a part of the garden, but gave him a bit of sandy land in the corner of the lot. Robert stuck his spade into it, and turned up the soil. "It is of no use planting any thing here," said he; "only see how sandy it is; nothing will grow."

But there was some strength in this loose soil, just as there was strength in Robert's healthy brain and stout arms and legs. And the wind sowed some seeds there, and they came up and grew; and one hot day in July, when our little farmer was tired with raking hay, he went to look at his despised corner; and there, just where the ground was broken by his spade, was a large cluster of strawberries, ripe and delicious. While he was eating them, he felt something prick his bare foot, and looking down, there was a large, ugly thistle, just going to seed.

Now both the thistle and the strawberry grew from seeds which the wind had sown; but the land was Robert's, and he had a right to say which should grow. "Begone, you hateful thistle," said he. "You are a thief, come to steal your living and pay me in prickles."

Then he dug up the thistle by the roots, and as he was too poor to buy manure, he used to go evenings by moonlight with his wheelbarrow, and get black soil from a hollow in the woods full of old leaves and rotten wood; and he mixed it all thoroughly in with the sandy soil that bore the berries, and then filled it all with the best plants he could find, and the next year he had a great deal of fruit. Moreover, he sowed turnip seed between the rows, and the turnips grew large and round and sweet, and he sold them in November for a broad piece of silver. Robert was delighted. "I find," said he, "that I can raise on my land whatever I like."

And then the thought came into his mind that he could make of himself whatever he liked, if he would only set about it in earnest. And I believe he will, for where a boy has conquered one difficulty, he is generally ready to try another.

For The Child's Paper.

JESSE lived in Canaan. He was a farmer. He had eight sons; the oldest were grown up; tall, noble-looking young men. The youngest was a boy; and a beautiful boy he was, with rosy cheeks and a pleasant eye. His name was David.

Did his parents indulge him because he was the youngest? Did they keep him at home, and let him do as he pleased? No. David had his work to do as well as the rest. He was sent away into the pastures to look after the sheep; and there he stayed all day. He had no boys to play with, nor anybody to speak to but the little lambs and the old sheep; and all they can say, you know, is "baa." But the sheep loved and followed him, and he liked tending the flocks. He never found fault, or thought it was "too bad" to have to do it, as some boys do when they are put to work.

David had a harp, and when he was tired, he played on his harp and sang sweet songs of praise to God. That made him contented and happy.

Samuel was a prophet of God. One day God said to Samuel, "Fill a horn with oil, and go to Jesse, who lives in Bethlehem, for I have chosen one of his sons to be king."

Samuel obeyed. He went and found Jesse, and asked to see his sons. The oldest came in, looking quite fit to be a king. Samuel thought he was the one; but God said, "No." God, you know, looks at the heart, and the heart of this young man did not please God. Then Samuel looked at the second son. Nor did God choose him. Then he looked at the third and fourth and fifth and sixth and seventh; but God did not mean any of these.

"Have you any more sons?" asked Samuel. "Yes," said Jesse, "a boy who is out tending the sheep." Samuel asked to see him; so his father sent for him. When he came in, God said to Samuel, "This is he. Arise and anoint him." And Samuel took the oil and anointed David, while his brothers stood by.

Do you not think it surprised them very much that their little brother David was one day going to be king? And did it make him proud? Did he want to leave work? He does not *look* proud, does he? or rude, or obstinate? Oh no. He went willingly back to the pastures, and tended his father's flock a long time, till God called him to be king. I will tell you what David had. He had a "meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." God loved him, and he gave him his Spirit to make him a wise and brave and good king.

For The Child's Paper.

GETTING AN EDUCATION.

William was born among the woods of New Hampshire. His parents were industrious people, who found it hard to support a large family on a small farm. The boys were put early to work; and some had, young in life, to leave home and seek their fortune elsewhere.

There was no school-house near; so Will had no schooling, or next to none; and as for books, he never saw one except the Bible and hymn-book. But he had a Sabbath-school, and the little boy was constant there. It had no interesting library, however, as yours has. We, I dare say, should have thought it rather a poor Sabbath-school. But God's Spirit was there, and that always makes a good Sabbath-school. Will's teacher was an old man who loved God, and taught his little scholars God's love to them in sending his dear Son Jesus Christ to be their Friend and Saviour.

One day he said to the little boys, "We must try to be useful." It is a short and simple sentence, only six words; but there was something in the way the good man said it, that impressed little Will's mind. "We must try to be useful," Will repeated over and over to himself, and it proved a little seed-thought. He wished he could be useful. He meant to be, but he supposed he must grow up first.

Will early learned to pray. When he drove the cows to pasture, by a stone wall or in a clump of trees he used to kneel down and pray. He *loved* to. Chopping wood in the forest, he often knelt down by the pine logs for prayer; and God seemed to fill the great woods with a beautiful light. It made the little boy very happy. His heart was full of comfort and joy.

Were the other boys like him? No, they *swore*, and they used to try to make him swear. They laughed at him and said so much, that one day, when they were in the field hoeing potatoes, Will let a profane word drop from his lips. In a moment every thing looked different. The ground seemed ready to open and swallow him up; the heavens overhead looked sorry and offended. Will felt that he had grieved God. It was an awful moment to him. His companions were glad; they thought they had triumphed. But their triumph was short; for if it was his *first* oath, it was also his *last*.

His father, finding it hard to support the family, moved away. He went from one place to another trying to better his condition, until he got nearly down to the Canada line. He always took William with him, for he was his best boy, and worked diligently. But ah, how he wanted to go to school. Sometimes the wish took such hold of his mind, that even while chopping he forgot his axe, and if anybody spoke to him he would not answer. They thought he was stupid. Poor Will! It was because he was *hungry*. Children who are loaded with books and papers do not know any thing about this hunger of the mind.

At last he had a chance to go to school a whole winter. I cannot tell you how thankful he was. He was then grown up, as tall as a man; but he was put in the smallest classes, and all the little boys were above him. Never mind; that was nothing to be ashamed of. Before spring he was the first scholar in school, and had learned pretty much all the master could teach him, for study was a real delight to him.

The next year he started off in search of an academy. He thought if he could only go to an academy a year, he should learn about all there was to know in the world. But his father thought he could not spare him; and not believing in an education, he soon sent for his son to come home. Will was greatly disappointed; yet it seemed to be God's will, and so he worked and waited and prayed on the little farm still.

An opening came by and by. His father had to send a colt three hundred and sixty miles to pay an old debt with. There was nobody to take it but William. His father sent him, and said he might have his own time hereafter. So the young man started on his long horseback journey, with a pair of saddle-bags, a couple of books, and his clothes in one side, a loaf of bread in the other, and three dollars in his pocket.

Happy Will! The loaf was breakfast, dinner, and supper until it got mouldy, when a kind woman at a farmhouse took his mouldy bread and gave him in exchange a sweet new loaf. His money went for nights' lodging and oats for the horse. In ten days or more he reached his journey's end, and had one dollar left. The horse was delivered safely up, the debt cancelled, and then Will turned his thoughts stronger than ever towards an education.

He was now over twenty-one.

Hearing of a famous academy in Exeter, where there was a fund to assist poor students, with his pack on his back, he started on foot seventy miles to Exeter. On reaching there, he found that the charity list was full, and of course there was no room for him.

"Well," said Will, "I am going to stay." For a year he supported himself with the axe, the hoe, or the spade. Lodging with another poor student they hired a woman to cook their frugal meals; and their washing, that they did themselves at a neighboring brook.

My story would be too long if I should stop to tell you more. I will only say now that at the end of some years William came out of Andover Seminary a minister of the gospel; and his highest wishes in regard to usefulness have been more than answered. He is a faithful pastor and preacher, settled over a large field, where his labors are fruitful and richly blessed of God.

You see, my children, how God opens the way to a noble purpose. The boy who has been found faithful over a few things, God will surely make him a ruler over many things. H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

One of the most curious little plants which grows in our garden is the "sensitive plant." Did you ever see one? It has little long stems, with small leaves growing out on both sides, like the locust or acacia; and it bears modest pink flowers.

What makes it curious is, that it seems to *feel*. If you touch it, the leaves shut up, and it lies down; therefore it is called "sensitive plant." It can't bear to be handled. It acts as much as to say, "You hurt me. I shrink from your rude touch." It is a delicate plant, and God gave it this shrinking nature to keep it from being injured.

If you keep touching it, however, it loses for a time this power, and does not seem to care.

Now, my children, did you know that in the garden of your heart God has put a little sensitive plant? You do not know it by that name perhaps, but you will when I tell you it is *conscience*. If properly cultivated, it will shrink from the very touch of evil. It will say, and say *immediately*, "Be off! quit me! I don't wish to have any thing to do with you; you will only injure." Such a conscience, you see, is a great blessing to anybody. It will keep one pretty effectually out of harm's way. A boy or girl who has that, and *minds* it, will go straight. Bad companions can never lead them astray.

There is danger, however, of conscience losing its sensitiveness. If you should come in contact with evil too often, that is, if you allow yourself to see or hear what is wrong, or to go at all with bad associates, or put yourself in the way of temptation, conscience will become *insensible;* it will get into the habit of not feeling, not caring, which is very dangerous, because then a child may go very far astray, almost without knowing it.

Take good care then, my children, of this precious plant. God put it in your bosom to warn you of the very approach of sin. Let nobody tamper with it. Keep it quick and tender, and you will ever have reason to bless God for its faithful cautions.

When you 've been guilty of a fault,
Oh, lie not to conceal it;
For it will happen, soon or late,
That something will reveal it.

And then, whate'er the deed has been,
However great your trouble,
The faults, the sorrow, and the sin,
Will all be rendered double.

But when at once the truth you 've told,
Away with all your sadness;
The sense of having done what 's right
Will fill your heart with gladness.

For The Child's Paper.

WHAT A LITTLE CHILD'S QUESTION LED TO.

After a missionary had been living two years in a great heathen city on the other side of the world, he finished putting the gospel of St. Mark into the words of the people of that country.

One evening he went out with the book under his arm to visit a poor old sick woman who lived just outside the great south gate of the city. The city was surrounded by a wall, and there were six gates in the wall. The missionary went out of the south gate, feeling very, very sad at seeing so many heathen people with nobody to tell them of the Saviour of the world. He went to see the old sick woman, and on his way back some children followed him, and one of them asked the missionary what book he had under his arm. "It is the book of Glad Tidings," answered the missionary. "Elder-born"—that 's what the children call their teachers—"elder-born," said he, "preach book; good, eh?" which meant, Please read in it to us

How glad the missionary was to do so. He looked round and saw a mound, and he went and stood there, while all the children gathered round him. Pretty soon one of the little hearers ran into a house close by and brought out a small bench for the missionary to sit on; and there he sat and preached a little sermon about the dear Saviour who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

When the missionary had done, he asked, "Have you any day-school in this neighborhood?" "No," they said. "Is there a room which could be hired for one?" asked the missionary. "Yes, just next door," answered one of the children. "Would you come and be taught in Christian books?" "Yes, yes, willingly," they said.

The missionary was very much pleased, and you may be sure he went quickly to work. He asked a young English merchant if he would pay the rent of the school-room, and the answer came in a roll of dollar bills. He asked a young man who had just been baptized if he would be teacher, and the young man said, "Yes, willingly I will." And he asked the mission if they would pay the teacher so much a month, and they agreed to. So in a short time a Christian day-school was opened at the great south gate; and it was the first of a great number of schools just like it which sprung up all over the city not long after.

You see it had a very small beginning, just the question of a little child about a little book the missionary was carrying under his arm. But this is the way God often causes great results to follow from small beginnings.

For The Child's Paper.

Grace had a pony, and Arthur had a pony. They were *their own*. Mr. Davis gave a pony to Arthur on his tenth birthday; and Grace was so pleased with it, she begged her father to please give her one; and he did. Mr. Davis was rich, and he loved to grant all the reasonable wishes of his two little children. He did not give them every thing they asked, for he was not a foolish father. But the ponies, how they did enjoy riding on them. Every fine day you would see them pass by; and a pretty sight it was. Grace was not afraid at all.

The children used to run and look at them. Were not the boys envious of Arthur? I hope not, for Arthur was a kind and generous boy. And Grace, everybody loved her. These children were not proud of their fine clothes; they did not feel *above* their poorer neighbors. Their father loved God, and God lent him money, not to spend it all upon his own family, but to do good with. I cannot tell you how many poor and sick people he made happy.

And he brought up his two little children to be "ministering children." Do you know what that is? Ministering children are those who, like the Lord Jesus, love to be kind and help others. Angels are called "ministering spirits," you know, because they go on errands of mercy. God sends them. God sent one to bring Peter out of prison, and another to warn Lot to leave Sodom. Grace and Arthur often went with their father to visit sick and sorrowful people; and you could see these children carrying baskets of peaches or pears to give them. Grace too, young as she was, made warm flannel petticoats all herself for the poor. Their father did not want them to think only of themselves—to be selfish and vain.

"Dear children," he often said, "we must live to do good with what we have, otherwise it will not bless, but curse us."

Grace and Arthur were happy children; not, I think, because they *had things*, for some of the most cross and fretful children I ever met with were those who had every plaything and book that could be thought of, and somebody constantly to amuse them too. No, that was not it; it was because they thought more of *making others* happy.

For The Child's Paper.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

One summer morning early,
When the dew was bright to see,
Our dark-eyed little Charlie
Stood by his mother's knee;
And he heard a robin singing
In a tree so tall and high;
On the topmost bough 't was swinging,
Away up in the sky.

"Mamma, the robin 's praying
In the very tree-top there:
Glory, glory! it is saying,
And that is all his prayer.
But God will surely hear him,
And the angels standing by,
For God is very near him,
Away up in the sky."

"My child, God is no nearer
To the robin on the tree,
He does not hear him clearer
Than he does you and me;
For he hears the angels harping,
In sun-bright glory drest,
And the little birdlings chirping
Down in their leafy nest."

"But if I whisper lowly,
All covered in my bed,
Do you think that Jesus holy
Would know what then I said?"
"My darling little lisper,
God's ear is ever nigh;
The very lowest whisper
Will reach him in the sky."

Now the robin's song is filling
The child's soul full of bliss;
The very air was trilling
When his mother told him this,
As he wished in childish craving
For the robin's wings to fly,
To sing, on tree-tops waving,
So very near the sky. S. F. C.

For The Child's Paper.

HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS.

This is the name of a large house in Boston. It was opened only a few months ago. A poor soldier's widow brought a beautiful little boy to a gentleman, and she said, "I have no *home* for my child." Dark, cold nights ragged children come to the police stations to sleep. Why do n't they go home? They have no homes. Perhaps they could crawl into a cellar; but that is not home.

"Where do you belong?" asked a lady of a little child without hat or shoes. "I 's belong to nobody," answered the little girl. Oh, how sad to belong to nobody, and have nobody love you. Then some homes have drunken fathers and mothers, and are so dirty that they do not deserve to be called by the sweet name of home. They are dens, and dens of wickedness too.

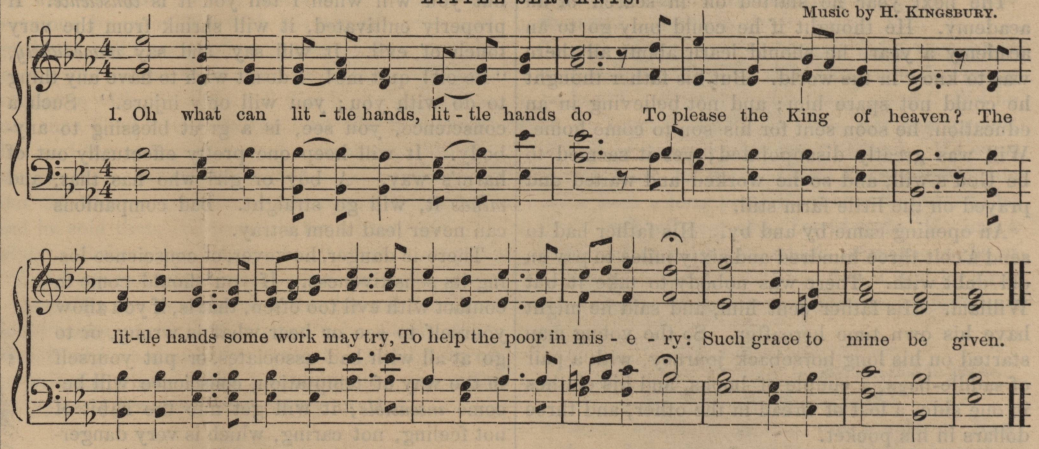
How many children as badly off as this do you think there are in the city of Boston? I am almost afraid to tell you; but they say there are between eight and ten thousand. A great army, is it not? Oh, how many Sabbath-schools it would fill. All this number are on the way to the almshouse or the prison, for they have nobody to lead them into the sweet and wholesome paths of virtue and industry. They swear and steal and lie. One little boy, only nine years old, has been taken up ten times as a thief and burglar. Their life is a life of sin and crime. Poor children! Nobody has taught them; nobody has prayed for them; nobody has cared for their souls; nobody has taken them by the hand and led them to Jesus. All they know of him is by swearing. Nobody has taken any pains with them at all.

Various institutions have been founded from time to time in and around the city, having for their object the improvement of this class of children. The last is the "Home for Little Wanderers," in Baldwin-place; and it takes in the littlest. Indeed there is a nursery for the babies. It is a very touching name—A Home for Little Wanderers. Here they are taken and washed and clothed and fed, and put to sleep in clean, warm beds. They are sent to school, and taught to sew and to work and to play innocent and healthy plays. They sing hymns of praise to God, and learn to read the beautiful Bible stories; and I hope many, many will become followers of the Lord Jesus.

The Home can accommodate two hundred children. Quite a family. And a happy family, I am sure, it will be. God bless the charity. May his Spirit dwell in this Home, and bring the little wanderers to his heavenly home at last.

LITTLE SERVANTS.

Music by H. Kingsbury.


1. Oh what can lit - tle hands, lit - tle hands do To please the King of heaven? The
lit-tle hands some work may try, To help the poor in mis - e - ry: Such grace to mine be given.

2. Oh what can little lips, little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
Such grace to mine be given.

3. Oh what can little eyes, little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book:
Such grace to mine be given.

4. Oh what can little hearts, little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
The hearts, if God his Spirit send,
Can love and trust the children's Friend:
Such grace to mine be given.

5. When hearts and hands and lips unite
To please the King of heaven,
And serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in his sight:
Such grace to mine be given. Farin.

*** From "Happy Voices," by the American Tract Society, believed to be the very best collection of Hymns and Tunes for Home and Sabbath-schools. Price by the quantity, 30 cents each, or 35 cts. in boards.

For The Child's Paper.

BEAUTIFUL IN HEART.

"No one looks at me," said little Martha to herself as she walked unnoticed beside her beautiful sister Cecilia. "How plain I am. No one looks at me."

Plain in features but not in heart was little Martha, and God was even then looking lovingly on her. She was not envious of Cecilia. She was glad she was beautiful, even though she herself was not. She was patient with her caprices, and willing to minister to her pleasure.

So she grew in the beauty of disposition and of excellence daily, until every one felt that she was more charming than Cecilia, notwithstanding her little plain face. Her parents said to each other of Cecilia, "How beautiful she is!" but of Martha, "We could not live without her."

She no longer said, "No one looks at me," for she no longer thought of herself. She was loving and thinking of others, loving and thinking of God, when he called her, we doubt not, to himself. She was playing with her little brothers, making them happy in childish sport, and lo, she was in flames, her light dress was on fire!

"Leave me, leave me, Harry, Jamie," she called—trembled for them, not for herself. With that breath of love, she breathed in death. Only a few moments of pain, and we trust the redeemed child was borne upward to the presence of her God, to dwell there in immortal beauty.

Who says, like little Martha, "No one looks at me; no one cares for me?" God looks, God cares; and if there be one gleam of love to Christ in your soul, he looks on it in love. P. H. P.

[Little girls should remember, if their dress takes fire, *instantly to lie down*, so that the flame will not ascend, or be blown up by the wind. Any thick cloth, garment, rug, or piece of carpet, will stifle the fire, and relief may thus be gained.]

For The Child's Paper.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

"Do n't you wish you were a prince, a king's son?" asked Eddy of another boy. "No," said Sam, "I 'd rather be my own father's son than anybody's."

"Why, he is only a blacksmith," said Eddy, "and can't give you much."

"He is one of the sovereign citizens of the United States, and a good and honest man," cried Sam, "and that 's enough for me."

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